

# VIRGIL'S Eclogues.

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TRANSLATED  
BY  
SEVERAL HANDS.

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Printed in the Year, 1684.

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T H E  
First Eclogue.

By JOHN CARYLL Esq;

**T**He Reader may be pleased to observe, that Virgil, under the Name of Tityrus, personates himself, newly saved by the Favour of Augustus Cæsar, from the general Calamity of his Mantuan Neighbours; whose Lands were taken from them, and divided amongst the Veteran Souldiers, for having been dipt (as may be presumed) in the same Guilt with their Borderers of Cremona; who in the Civil Wars, joyned with Cassius and Brutus. These Mantuans are likewise personated by Melibeus; as also by Amarillis, the City of Rome, by Galatea, that of Mantua are represented. The drift of this Eclogue, is to celebrate the Munificence of Augustus towards Virgil, whom he makes his tutelar God; and the better to set this off, he brings in Melibeus, viz. his Mantuan

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tuam Neighbours, pathetically relating their own deplorable Condition, and at the same time magnifying the felicity of Tityrus. This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country-men, Virgil shadows over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty: And because Slaves did not commonly use to be infanchist, till Age had made them useless for Labour, to follow the Trope, he makes himself an old man, as by the Candidior barba, and the Fortunate Senex, sufficiently appears; though in reality, Virgil at that time was young, and then first made known to Augustus, by the recommendation of his Verses, and of his Friends, Varus, and Mæcenas.

## TITYRUS. MELIBEUS.

### MELIBEUS.

**I**N peaceful Shades, which aged Oakes diffuse,  
 You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muse.  
 We leave our Home, and (once) our pleasant Fields,  
 The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;  
 While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,  
 And every Grove learns *Amarillis* name.

TITT.



*TITRUS.*

A God (to me he always shall be so)

O *Melibens* ! did this Grace bestow.

The choicest Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,

Shall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed :

He every Blessing on his Creatures brings ;

By him the Herd does graze, by him the Herds-

(man sings.

*MELIBENS.*

I envy not, but I admire your Fate, (State.

Which thus exempts you from our wretched

Look on my Goats that browze, my Kids that

(play,

Driven hence my self, these I must drive away,

And this poor Mother of a new-fall'n Pair,

(The Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Despair !)

Has left 'em in yond brakes, beside the way,

Expos'd to every Beast and Bird of prey.

Had not some angry Planet struck me blind,

This dire Calamity I had divin'd.

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'was

'Twas oft foretold me by Heavens loudest voice,  
 Rending our tallest Oakes with dismal noise :  
 Ravens spoke too, though in a lower tone,  
 And long from hollow tree were heard to grone.

But say : What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd ?

*TITRUS.*

The Place call'd *Rome*, I foolishly believ'd,  
 Was like our *Mantua*, where on Market-days,  
 We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherds  
 praise ;)

So Whelps (I knew) so Kids, their Dams express,  
 And so the Great I measur'd by the less.

But other Towns when you to her compare,  
 They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypress are.

*MELIBEUS.*

What great occasion call'd you hence to *Rome* ?

*TITRUS.*

Freedom, which came at last, though slow to come :  
 She came not till cold Winter did begin,  
 And Age some Snow had sprinkled on my Chin ;

Nor

Nor then, till *Galatea* I forfook,  
 For *Amarillis*, daign'd on me to look.  
 No hope for Liberty, I must confess,  
 No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me possess,  
 Whilst I with *Galatea* did remain :  
 For though my Flock, her Altars did maintain,  
 Though often I had made my Cheese-press groan,  
 Largely to furnish our ungrateful Town,  
 Yet still with empty hands I trotted home.

## MELIBEVS.

I wonder'd (*Galatea* ! ) whence should come,  
 Thy sad Complaints to Heaven, and why so long  
 Ungathered on their Trees thy Apples hung ?  
 Absent was *Tityrus* ! Thee every Dale,  
 Mountain and Spring, thee every Tree did call !

## TITRVS.

What should I do ? I could not here be free,  
 And only in that place could hope to see  
 A God propitious to my Liberty, }

There I the Heavenly Youth did first behold,  
 Whose monthly Feast, while solemnly I hold,  
 My loaded Altars never shall be cold.  
 He heard my Prayers, go home (he cry'd) and feed  
 In peace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed.

MELIBEUS.

Happy old Man ! thy Farm untoucht remains,  
 And large enough ; though it may ask thy pains,  
 To clear the Stones, and Rushes cure by Drains.  
 Thy teeming Ews will no strange Pastures try,  
 No murrain fear from tainted Company.  
 Thrice happy Swain ! guarded from *Sirian* beams,  
 By sacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.  
 Look on that bordering Fence, whose Osier Trees  
 Are fraught with flowers, whose flowers are  
 (fraught with Bees :  
 How, with their drowsie tone, the whistling Air  
 (Your sleep to tempt) a Consort does prepare !

At

At farther distance, but with stronger Lungs,  
The Wood-man joyns with these his rustick

(Songs :  
Stock-doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their  
Those in a hoarser, these a softer Note. (Throat

TITIRUS.

Therefore the Land and Sea shall Dwellers change,  
Fish on dry ground, Stags shall on water range :  
The *Parthians* shall commute their bounds with

(Franks,  
Those shall on *Soan*, these drink on *Tygris* Banks,  
E're I his God-like Image from my heart,  
Suffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEUS.

But we must come to Parts remote, unknown,  
Under the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone :  
These frozen *Scythia*, and parcht *Affrick* those,  
*Cretan* Oasis others must inclose :  
Some 'mongst the utmost *Britains* are confin'd,  
Doom'd to an Isle, from all the world disjoyn'd.

Ah!

Ah ! must I never more my Country see,  
 But in strange Lands an endless Exile be ?  
 Is my eternal Banishment decreed, (Reed ?  
 From my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and  
 Must impious Souldiers all these grounds possess,  
 My fields of standing Corn, my fertile Leyes ?  
 Did I for these *Barbarians* plow and sowe ?  
 What dire effects from Civil Discord flow !  
 Graft Pears (O *Melibeus* !) plant the Vine !  
 The Fruit shall others be, the Labour thine. }  
 Farewel my Goats ! a happy Herd, when mine !  
 No more shall I, in the refreshing Shade  
 Of verdant Grotto's, by kind Nature made,  
 Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,  
 The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.  
 I part with every Joy, parting from you ;  
 Then farewel all the World ! Verses and Pipe,  
 (adieu !

TIT.

## TITRUS.

At least this Night with me forget your care ;  
 Chesnuts, and well-prest Cheese shall be your Fare ;  
 For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,  
 And curling smoke from Village tops ascends.

## THE

## Second Eclogue.

*Englisched by Mr. TATE.*

**A** Hopeless Flame did *Corydon* destroy,  
 The lov'd *Alexis* was his Masters Joy,  
 No respite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,  
 But daily walk'd where shady Beeches grew :  
 Where stretcht on Earth, alone he thus com-  
 (plains,  
 And in these accents tells the Groves his pains.

Cruel

Cruel *Alexis* ! hast thou no remorse ?

Must I expire, and have my Songs no force ?

'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,  
The very Lizzards hide, that love the Sun.

The Reapers home to dinner now repair, (Fare.  
While busie *Thestylis* provides both Sawce and

Yet in the raging Heat I search for thee,

Heat only known to Locusts and to me.

Oh was it not much better to sustain,

The angry days of *Amarillis* Reign ?

Or still be subject to *Menalchas* sway,

Tho' he more black than Night, and thou more  
(fair than Day.

O lovely Boy, presume not on thy Form,

The fairest Flow'rs are subject to a Storm :

Thou both disdainst my Person and my Flame,  
Without so much as asking who I am !

How rich in Heifers, all as white as Snow,

Or Cream, with which they make my Dairies

(flow.

A



A thousand Ewes within my Pastures breed,  
 And all the Year upon New-Milk I feed.  
 Besides, the fam'd Amphious Songs I sing,  
 That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring.  
 Nor am I so deform'd; for tother day,  
 When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,  
 As on the Cliffs, above the Sea I stood,  
 I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood;  
 And if I look as handsome all the year,  
 To vie with *Daphnis* self, I wou'd not fear.  
 Ah wou'dst thou once in Cottages delight,  
 And love like me, to wound the Stag in flight!  
 Where wholsome Mallows grow our Kids to  
 (drive,  
 And in our Songs with *Pan* himself to strive!  
 From *Pan* the Reeds first use the Shepherd knew,  
 'Tis *Pan* preserves the Sheep and Shepherd too.  
 Disdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,  
 Nor scorn the Pastime of a Deity.

What

What task would not *Amyntas* undergo,  
 For half the Noble Skill I offer you ?  
 A Pipe with Quills of various size I have,  
 The Legacy *Dametas* dying gave ;  
 And said, possess thou this, by right 'tis thine ;  
*Amyntas* then stood by, and did repine :  
 Besides two Kids that I from danger bore,  
 With streak of lovely white enamel'd o're ;  
 Who drein the bagging Udder twice a day,  
 And both at home for thy acceptance stay.  
 Oft *Thestylis* for them has pin'd, and she  
 Shall have them, since thou scorn'st my Gifts  
(and me.)

Come to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take  
 The richest Presents that the Spring can make.  
 See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee ;  
 Fair *Nais*, scarce thy self so fair as she.  
 With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets joyn'd,  
 A Garland for thy softer Brow has twin'd.

My

My self with downy Peaches will appear,  
 And Chestnuts, *Amarillis* dainty Chear :  
 Ple crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,  
 Together bound, because their sweets agree.  
 Unbred thou art, and homely *Corydon*,  
 Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won :  
 Nor canst thou hope, if gifts his mind cou'd sway,  
 That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.

Ah me ! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,  
 Winds blast my Flow'rs, and Boars bemire my  
 (Streams.

Whom flyst thou ? Gods themselves have had  
 In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God. (aboad,  
 Let *Pallas* in the Towns she built, reside,  
 To me a Grove's worth all the World beside :  
 Lyons chase Wolves, those Wolves a Kid in prime,  
 That very Kid seeks Heaths of flowring time,  
 While *Corydon* pursues with equal flame ;  
*Alexis*, thee ; each has his several Game.

See

See how the Ox unyokt brings home the Plow,  
 The Shades increas'g as the Sun goes low.  
 Blest Fields reliev'd by Nights approach so soon,  
 Love has no Night ! 'tis always raging Noon !  
 Ah *Corydon* ! what frenzy fills thy brest ?  
 Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undrest.  
 Luxurious sprouts shut out their ripening Ray,  
 The Branches shorn, not yet remov'd away,  
 Recal thy senses, and to work with speed,  
 Of many Utenfils thou stand'st in need.  
 Fall to thy Labour, quit the peevish Boy ;  
 Time, or some new desire shall this destroy.

THE

# THE Second Eclogue.

Englished by Mr. CREECH.

*The Shepherd Corydon woes Alexis, but finding  
he could not prevail, he resolves to follow his Af-  
fairs, and forget his Passion.*

ALEXIS.

**Y**oung Corydon (hard Fate) an humble  
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain; (Swain)  
He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again;  
Yet every day through Groves he walkt alone,  
And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan;  
Cruel Alexis! can't my Verses move!  
Hast thou not pitty? must I dye for Love?  
Just now the Flocks pursue the shades and cool,  
And every Lizzard creeps into his hole:

B

Brown

Brown *Thestylis* the weary Reapers seeks,  
 And brings their Meat, their Onions & their Leeks:  
 And whilst I trace thy steps in every Tree  
 And every Bush, poor Insects sigh with Me:  
 And had it not been better to have born  
 The peevish *Amaryllis*'s Frowns and Scorn,  
 Or else *Menalcas*, than this deep despair?  
 Though He was black, and Thou art lovely fair!  
 Ah charming Beauty! 'tis a fading Grace,  
 Trust not too much, sweet Youth, to that fair face:  
 Things are not always us'd that please the sight,  
 We gather Black berries when we scorn the white.  
 Thou dost despise me, Thou dost scorn my flame,  
 Yet dost not know me, nor how rich I am:  
 A thousand tender Lambs, a thousand Kine,  
 A thousand Goats I feed, and all are mine:  
 My Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,  
 Summer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds.  
 I pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,  
*Amphion* fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains;

Nor

Nor is my Face so mean, I lately stood,  
 And view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,  
 And think my self, though it were judg'd by you,  
 As fair as *Daphni's*, if that glafs be true.  
 Oh that with me, the humble Plains would please  
 The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages !  
 Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,  
 Or drive the Kids, or spread the fowling snare !  
 Then you & I would sing like *Pan* in shady Groves ;  
*Pan* taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves :  
*Pan* both the Sheep, and harmless Shepherd loves :  
 Nor must you think the Pipe too mean for you,  
 To learn to pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do ?  
 I have a Pipe, well season'd, brown, and try'd ;  
 Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd :  
 He said, here, take it for a Legacy,  
 Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee,  
 He said, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me :  
 Besides, I found two wanton Kids at Play  
 In yonder Vale, and those I brought away,

Young sportive creatures, and of spotted hue,  
 Which suckle twice a day, I keep for you :  
 These *Thestylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,  
 But now they're hers, since you my gifts disdain :  
 Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,  
 With Poppy, Violet, and Daffadil,  
 The Rose, and thousand other fragrant flowers,  
 To please thy Senses in thy softest hours ;  
 These *Nais* gathers to delight my Boy,  
 Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy.  
 I'll seek for Chesnuts too in every Grove,  
 Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.  
 The glossie Plums, and juicy Pears I'll bring,  
 Delightful All, and many a pretty thing :  
 The Lawrel and the neighbouring Myrtle Tree, }  
 Confus'dly planted 'cause they both agree (thee.) }  
 And prove more sweet, shall send their boughs to }  
 Ah *Corydon* ! Thou art a foolish Swain,  
 And coy *Alexis*, doth thy Gifts disdain ;

Or



Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could woe,  
*Iolas* can present him more than you.

What doth the Madman mean ? He idly brings  
 Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.

Ah ! whom dost thou avoid ? whom fly ? the Gods  
 And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods :

Let *Pallas*, she, whose Art first rais'd a Town,  
 Live there, let us delight in Woods alone :

The Boar, the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid pursues,  
 The Kid her Thyme, as fast as to'ther do's,

*Alexis*, *Corydon*, and him alone,

Each hath his Game, and each pursues his own :

Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,

The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now :

And yet my Passion nor my Cares remove,

Love burns me still, what flame so fierce as Love !

Ah *Corydon* ! what fury's this of thine !

On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine:

Come, rather mind thy useful work, prepare

Thy harvest Baskets, and make those thy care,

B 3

Come,

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Come, mind thy Plow, and thou shalt quickly find  
Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.

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THE  
Third Eclogue.

Or *PALEMÓN*.

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Englified by Mr. CREECH.

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*Menalcas and Dametas upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager; Palemon coming that way by chance, is chosen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controversie.*

*MENALCAS.*

**T**ELL me *Dametas*, tell whose Sheep these  
*DAMETAS.* (are?)

*Egon's*, for *Egon* gave 'em to my care.

*MENAL.*

*MENALCAS.*

Whilst he *Neera* courts, but courts in vain,  
 And fears that I shall prove the happier Swain.  
 Poor Sheep ! whilst he his hopeless Love pursues,  
 Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ews :  
 The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins swigg the Teat,  
 But find no moisture, and then idly bleat.

*DAMETAS.*

No more of that, *Menalcas*, I could tell,  
 And you know what, for I remember well ;  
 I know when, where, and what the Fool design'd,  
 And what had hapned, but the Nymphs were kind.

*MENALCAS.*

(Clown,

'Twas then perhaps, when some observ'd the  
 Spoil *Myco's* Vines, and cut his Olives down.

*DAMETAS.*

Or rather when, where those old Beeches grow,  
 You broke young *Daphni's* Arrows and his Bow,  
 You saw them given to the lovely Boy,  
 I - natur'd you, and envy'd at his joy ,

But hopes of sweet revenge thy Life supply'd,  
And hadst thou not done mischief thou hadst dy'd:

*MENALCAS.*

What will not Master Shepherds dare to do,  
When their base slaves pretend so much as you?  
Did not I see, not I, you pilfering Sot,  
When you lay close, and snapt rich *Damon's* Goat?  
His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, the Robber, fee,  
Guard well your Flock, you skulkt behind a Tree.

*DAMETAS.*

I tell Thee Shepherd 'twas before my own,  
We two pip'd for him, and I fairly won:  
This he would own, and gave me cause to boast,  
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he lost.

*MENALCAS.*

You pipe with him! thou never hadst a Pipe,  
Well joyn'd with wax, and fitted to the Lip,  
But under hedges to the long ear'd rout,  
We'rt wont, dull Fool, to toot a schreeching Note:

*DAME-*

*DAMETAS.*

And shall we have a Tryal of our skill ?  
 I'll lay this Heifer, 'twill be worth your while,  
 Two Calves she suckles, and yet twice a day  
 She fills two Pails ; Now speak, what dare you lay ?

*MENALCAS.*

I cannot stake down any of my Flock,  
 My Fold is little, and but small my Stock :  
 Besides, my Father's covetously cross,  
 My Stepdame curst, and they will find the loss :  
 For both strict eyes o're all my actions keep,  
 One counts my Kids , and both twice count my  
 (Sheep:

But yet I'll lay what you must grant as good,  
 (Since you will lose) two Cups of beechen wood,  
*Alcimedon* made them, 'tis a work divine,  
 And round the brim ripe Grapes and Ivy twine ;  
 So curiously he hits the various shapes,  
 And with pale Ivy cloaths the blushing Grapes ;

It

It doth my eyes, and all my friends delight,  
 I'm sure your mouth must water at the sight :  
 Within two figures neatly carv'd appear,  
*Conon*, and He, who was't ? that made the Sphear,  
 And shew'd the various Seasons of the year,  
 What time to shear our Sheep, what time to plow,  
 'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean till now.

## D A M E T A S.

*Alcimedon* too made me two beechen Pots,  
 And round the handles wrought smooth Ivy-knots;  
*Orpheus* within, and following wood, around  
 With bended Tops, seem listning to the sound.  
 I never us'd them, never brought them forth ;  
 But to my Heifer, these are little worth.

## M E N A L C A S.

I'll pay thee off, I'm ready, come, let's try,  
 And he shall be our Judge, that next comes by ;  
 See, 'tis *Palemon* ; come, I'll ne'r give o're,  
 Till thou shalt never dare to challenge more.

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## ME.

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**DAME-**

D A M E T A S.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o're the Green,  
And Apples throws, then hides, yet would be seen.

M E N A L C A S.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Passion tell,  
Our Dogs scarce know my *Delia* half so well.

D A M E T A S.

I'll have a Gift for *Phyllis* e're be long,  
I know where Stock-doves build, I'll take their  
(young.

M E N A L C A S.

I pluckt my Boy fine Pears, I sent him ten,  
'Twas all I had, but soon I'll send again.

D A M E T A S.

(Love!  
What things my Nymph did speak ; what tales of  
Winds bear their Musick to the Gods above.

M E N A L C A S.

What boot's it Boy, you not contemn my flame ?  
Since whilst I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

D A M E.



D A M E T A S.

My Birth-day comes, fend *Phillis* quickly home,  
But at my Shearing time, *Iolas* come.

M E N A L C A S.

And I love *Phillis*, for her Charms excel,  
She sigh'd, farewell, dear Youth, a long farewell.

D A M E T A S.

(blown,  
VVolves ruin Flocks, VVind Trees, when newly  
Storms Corn, and me my *Amarylli's* Frown.

M E N A L C A S.

Dew swells the Corn, Kids browze the tender  
The Goats love fallow; fair *Amyntas* me. (Tree,

D A M E T A S.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a rustick Song,  
Muse feed a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

M E N A L C A S.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's command,  
Muse feed the Bulls that push, and spurn the sand.

D A M E -

D A M E T A S.

Let *Pollio* have what e're thy with provokes,  
Myrrh from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

M E N A L C A S.

He that loves *Bavins* Songs, may fancy thine,  
The same may couple Wolves, and shear his Swine.

D A M E T A S.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,  
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and shoots a String.

M E N A L C A S.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh,  
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

D A M E T A S.

Kids from the River drive, and sling your Hook ;  
Anon I'll wash them in the shallow Brook.

M E N A L C A S.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,  
In vain the Milk maid stroaks an empty Teat.

D A M E T A S.

*D A M E T A S.*

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field !  
 Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdsman kill'd.

*M E N A L C A S.*

Sure these feel none of Loves devouring flames,  
 Meer skin and bone, & yet they drain their Dams :  
 Ah me ! what Sorcerers has bewitch'd my Lambs !

*D A M E T A S.*

Tell me where Heaven is just three inches broad,  
 And I'll believe Thee Prophet, or a God :

*M E N A L C A S.*

Tell me where Names of Kings in rising flowers  
 Are writ, and grow, and *Phyllis* shall be yours.

*P A L E M O N.*

I cannot judge which Youth does most excel,  
 For you deserve the Steer, and he as well.  
 Rest equal happy both ; and all that prove  
 A bitter, or else fear a pleasing Love :  
 But my work calls, let's break the Meeting off,  
 Boys shut your streams, the Fields have drunk  
 enough.

Eclogue

# THE Fourth Eclogue.

P O L L I O.

Englished by Mr. DRYDEN.

*The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Saloninus, the Son of Pollio, born in the Consulship of his Father, after the taking of Salonæ, a City in Dalmatia. Many of the Verses are translated from one of the Sybils, who prophesie of our Saviour's Birth.*

**S**icilian Muse begin a loftier strain! (the Plain,  
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that shade  
Delight not all, if thither I repair,  
My Song shall make 'em worth a Consul's care.  
The last great Age foretold by sacred Rhymes,  
Renews its finish'd Course, Saturnian times

Rowl

Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun  
 From their first Orb, in radiant Circles run.  
 The base degenerate Iron-off-spring ends ;  
 A golden Progeny from Heav'n descends ;  
 O chaste *Lucina* speed the Mothers-pains,  
 And haste the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo*  
 (reigns !

The lovely Boy, with his auspicious Face,  
 Shall *Pollio's* Consulship and Triumph grace ;  
 Majestick Months set out with him to their  
 (appointed Race.

The Father banish'd Virtue shall restore, (more.  
 And Crimes shall threat the guilty world no  
 The Son shall lead the life of Gods, and be (see.  
 By Gods and Heroes seen, and Gods and Heroes  
 The jarring Nations he in peace shall bind,  
 And with paternal Virtues rule mankind.  
 Unbidden Earth shall wreathing Ivy bring,  
 And fragrant Herbs (the promises of Spring) }  
 As her first Off'rings to her Infant King.

C

The

The Goats with strutting Duggs shall homeward  
(speed,

And lowing Herds, secure from ; Lyons feed.

His Cradle shall with rising flow'rs be crown'd ;

The Serpents Brood shall die : the sacred ground

Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,

Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear.

But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,

And form it to Hereditary Praise ;

Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,

And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.

The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,

And through the matted Grass the liquid Gold

(shall creep.

Yet, of old Fraud some footsteps shall remain,

The Merchant still shall plough the deep for gain :

Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round ;

And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful ground.

Another *Typhis* shall new Seas explore,

Another *Argos* on th' *Iberian* Shore

Shall

Shall land the chosen Chiefs:

Another *Helen* other Wars create, (Fate :

And great *Achilles* shall be sent to urge the *Trojan*

But when to ripen'd Man-hood he shall grow,

The greedy Sailer shall the Seas forego ;

No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware ;

For every Soil shall every Product bear.

The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoyn, (Vine :

No Plow shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the

Nor wooll shall in dissembled colours shine. }

But the luxurious Father of the Fold,

With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,

Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat :

And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat.

The Fates, when they this happy Web have spun,

Shall bless the sacred Clue, and bid it smoothly run.

Mature in years, to awful Honours move,

O of Cœlestial Stem ! O foster Son of *Jove* !

See, labouring Nature calls thee to sustain

The nodding frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;

See to their Base restor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,  
 And joyful Ages from behind, stand crowding to  
 (appear.

Tosing thy Praise, wou'd Heav'n my breath prolong  
 Infusing Spirits worthy such a Song ;

Not *Thracian Orpheus* should transcend my Lays,  
 Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bayes :

Though each his Heav'nly Parent shou'd inspire ;  
 The Muse instruct the Voice, and *Phæbus* tune the  
 (Lyre.

Shou'd *Pan* contend with me, & thou my Theme,  
*Arcadian* Judges should their God condemn.

Begin, auspicious Boy, to cast about (single out ;  
 Thy Infant Eyes, and with a smile, thy Mother  
 Thy Mother well deserves that short delight,  
 The nauseous Qualms of ten long Months and  
 (Travail to require.

Then smile ; the frowning Infants Doom is read,  
 No God shall crown the Board, nor Goddess bless  
 (the Bed.

THE



THE  
Fifth Eclogue.

D A P H N I S.

Englished by Mr. D U K E.

M E N A L C A S, M O P S U S.

M E N A L C A S.

**M***Opsus*, since chance does us together bring,  
And you so well can pipe, and I can sing,  
Why sit we not beneath this secret Shade,  
By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

M O P S U S.

Your Age commands Respect, and I obey,  
Whether you in this lonely Copse will stay,

C 3

Where

Where western Winds the bending Branches shake,  
 And in their play the Shades uncertain make :  
 Or whether to that silent Cave you go,  
 The better choice ! see how the wild Vines grow,  
 Luxuriant round, and see how wide they spread,  
 And in the Cave their purple clusters shed !

MENALCAS.

*Amintas* only dares contend with you.

MOPSVS.

Why not as well contend with *Phæbus* too ?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful flame  
 Of dying *Phillis*, whether *Alcons* fame,  
 Or *Codrus's* Brawls thy willing Muse provoke ;  
 Begin, young *Tityrus* will tend the Flock.

MOPSVS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the sad Song repeat,  
 That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,  
 And set to sweetest Notes ; yes, I'll begin,  
 And after that, bid you *Amintas* sing.

MENAL;

## M E N A L C A S.

As much as the most humble Shrub that grows,  
 Yields to the beautiful Blushes of the Rose,  
 Or bending Osiers to the Olive-Tree ;  
 So much, I judge, *Amintas* yields to thee.

## M O P S U S.

Shepherd, to this Discourse, here put an end,  
 This is the Cave, sit and my Verse attend.

## M O P S U S.

When the sad fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,  
 The pitying Nymphs dissolv'd in pious tears.  
 Witness, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries ;  
 Witness, you Floods, swoln with their weeping  
 The mournful Mother (on his body cast) (Eyes.  
 The sad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,  
 And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,  
 The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.  
 Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,  
 Nor thirsty Herds to the cool River drive ;

The generous Horse turn'd from fresh Streams his  
 And on the sweetest Grass refus'd to feed. (head,  
*Daphnis*, thy death, even fiercest Lions mourn'd,  
 And Hills & Woods their cries and groans return'd.  
*Daphnis* Armenian Tygers fierceness broke,  
 And brought 'em willing to the Sacred Yoke :  
*Daphnis* to *Bacchus* Worship did ordain  
 The Revels of his consecrated Train ;  
 The Reeling Priests with Vines and Ivy crown'd,  
 And their long Spears with clustered branches  
 bound.

As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,  
 As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn ;  
 Such Grace, such Ornament wert thou to all  
 That glori'd to be thine : since thy sad Fall,  
 No more *Apollo* his glad presence yields,  
 And *Pales* self forsakes her hated Fields.  
 Oft where the finest Barley we did sow,  
 Barren Wild-Oates, and hurtful Darnel grow ;

And

And where soft Violets did the Vales adorn,  
 The Thistle rises and the prickly Thorn.  
 Come Shepherds strow with Flow'rs the hallow'd  
 (ground,

The sacred Fountains with thick Boughs surround ;  
*Daphnis* these Rites requires : to *Daphni's* praise  
 Shepherds a Tomb with this Inscription raise,

*Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis lye ;  
 Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.*

M E N A L C A S.

Such, divine Poet, to my ravish'd Ears  
 Are the sweet numbers of thy mournful Verse ;  
 As to tir'd Swains soft slumbers on the Grass,  
 As freshest Springs that through green Meadows  
 (pass

To one that's parch'd with thirst & summers heat,  
 In thee thy Master does his equal meet :  
 Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,  
 Blest Swain, 'tis you alone can him succeed !

Yet

Yet, as I can, I in return will sing :  
 I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,  
 I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars, with you,  
 Will raise ; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

M O P S U S.

Is there a thing that I could more desire ?  
 For neither can there be a subject higher,  
 Nor, if the praise of *Stimichon* be true,  
 Can it be better sung than 'tis by you ?

M E N A L C A S.

*Daphnis* now wondring at the glorious show,  
 Through Heavens bright Pavement does triumph-  
 (phant go,  
 And sees the moving Clouds, and the fixt stars  
 (below :)

Therefore new joys make glad the Woods, the  
 (Plains,  
*Pan* and the Dryades, and the chearful Swains.  
 The Wolf no Ambush for the Flock does lay,  
 No cheating Nets the harmless Deer betray,  
*Daphnis* a general Peace commands, and nature  
 (does obey.

Hark !

Hark ! the glad Mountains raise to Heaven their  
(Voice !

Hark ! the hard Rocks in mystick tunes rejoyce !

Hark ! through the Thickets wondrous Songs  
(resound.

A God ! A God ! *Menalcas*, he is Crown'd !

O be propitious ! O be good to thine !

See ! here four hallow'd Altars we design,

To *Daphnis* two, to *Phæbus* two we raise,

To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praise :

Sacred to Thee they each returning year

Two bowls of Milk and two of Oyl shall bear :

Feasts I'll ordain, and to thy deathless praise

Thy Votaries exalted thoughts to raise,

Rich *Chian* Wines shall in full Goblets flow,

And give a taste of *Nectar* here below.

*Dametas* shall with *Liétian* *Ægon* joyn,

To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine.

*Alphesibæus* with a reeling Gate,

Shall the wild Satyr's dancing imitate.

When

When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,  
 When we with solemn Rites our Fields survey,  
 These Honours ever shall be Thine ; The Bore  
 Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more ;  
 No more in Streams the Fish, in Flow'rs the Bee,  
 E're *Daphnis* we forget our songs to Thee :  
 Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year,  
 Shall as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres* bear.

To Thee as to those Gods shall Vows be made,  
 And Vengeance wait on those, by whom they are  
 (not paid.

M O P S U S.

What Present worth thy Verse, can *Mopsus* find ?  
 Not the soft whispers of the Southern Wind  
 So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind ;  
 Not founding shores beat by the murmuring tide,  
 Nor Rivers that through stony Valleys glide.

M E N A L C A S.

First you this Pipe shall take : and 'tis the same  
 That play'd poor *Corydons* unhappy Flame : *Ecl.2.*

The



The same that taught me *Melibæus's* Sheep. *Ecl. 3.*

*M O P S U S.*

You then shall for my sake this Sheephook keep,  
Adorn'd with Brags, which I have oft deni'd  
To young *Antigenes* in his Beauties pride.  
And who wou'd think he then in vain could sue?  
Yet him I could deny, and freely give it you.

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**T H E**

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T H E  
Sixth Eclogue.  
S I L E N U S.

*Englished by the Earl of ROSCOMON.*

*My Aim being only to have Virgil understood by such who do not understand Latine, and cannot (probably) be acquainted with some Names and Passages of this Eclogue, I have directed them by Figures to the Postscript, where they will find the best account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.*

I First of Romans stoop'd to Rural strains ,  
Nor blush'd to dwell among <sup>1</sup> Sicilian Swains,  
When my <sup>2</sup> Thalia rais'd her bolder Voice,  
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice,  
Phæbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuse,  
And with this Whisper check th' aspiring Muse.

A

A Shepherd (*Tityrus*) his Flocks should feed,  
 And chuse a Subject suited to his Reed.  
 Thus I (while each ambitious Pen prepares  
 To write thy Praises *Varus*<sup>3</sup>, and thy Wars)  
 My Past'ral Tribute in low Numbers pay,  
 And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.

But yet (if any with indulgent Eyes  
 Can look on this, and such a Trifle prize)  
 Thee only, *Varus*, our glad Swains shall sing,  
 And every Grove and every Eccho ring. }  
*Phæbus* delights in *Varus* Fav'rite Name,  
 And none who under that protection came,  
 Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of Fame. }

Proceed my Muse.

4 Young *Chromis* and *Mnasylus*, chanc'd to stray,  
 Where (sleeping in a Cave) *Silenus* lay,  
 Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his Brain,  
 And always boyl in each extended vein ;

His

His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,  
 Was hanging by, worn thin with Age and Use ;  
 Drop'd from his head, a Wreath lay on the ground;  
 In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound<sup>5</sup>;  
 Eager, for both had been deluded long  
 With fruitless hope of his Instructive Song :  
 But while with conscious fear they doubtful stood,  
*Ægle*, the fairest *Nais* of the Flood,<sup>6</sup>  
 With a Vermilion-dye his Temples stain'd.<sup>7</sup>  
 Waking, he smil'd, and must I then be chain'd?  
 Loose me, he cry'd ; 'twas boldly done, to find  
 And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.  
 The promis'd Verse no longer I'll delay,  
 (She shall be satisf'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,  
 The knotty Oaks their lifting branches bow'd,  
 And Savage Beasts, and Sylvan Gods did crowd;

For

For lo ! he sung the Worlds stupendious Birth,  
 How scatter'd seeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,  
 And purer Fire, through universal night,  
 And empty space did fruitfully unite,  
 From whence th' innumerable race of things,  
 By circular successive Order springs.

By what degrees this Earths compacted Sphere  
 Was hardned, Woods & Rocks and Towns to bear;  
 How sinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)  
 Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,  
 While from above adorn'd with radiant light,  
 A new born Sun surpriz'd the dazled sight ;  
 How Vapors turn'd to Clouds obscure the Sky,  
 And Clouds dissolv'd the thirsty ground supply ;  
 How the first Forest rais'd its shady head,  
 Till when, few wandring Beasts on unknown  
 (Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha's* stony Race rose from the Ground,  
 Old *Saturn* reign'd with Golden plenty crown'd,

D

And

And bold *Prometheus* (whose untam'd desire  
 Rival'd the Sun with his own heavenly fire)  
 Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vulture's endless Prey,  
 Severely pays for animating Clay. (tell?  
 He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could  
 Into whose Arms the lovely *Hylas* fell;  
*Alcides* wept in vain for *Hylas* lost,  
*Hylas* in vain resounds through all the Coast.

He with compassion told *Pasiphae's* fault,  
 Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty  
 (thought?

The Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries  
 And imitated Lowings fill'd the Skies,  
 (Though metamorphos'd in their wild Conceit)  
 Did never burn with such unnatural heat. (stray,  
 Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains  
 He on soft Flowers his snowy side does lay;  
 Or seeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:  
 Surround my Nymphs, she crys, surround the Grove;  
 Perhaps

Perhaps some footsteps printed in the Clay,  
 Will to my Love direct our wandering way ;  
 Perhaps, while thus in search of him I rove,  
 My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He sung how *Atalanta* was betray'd  
 By those *Hesperian* Baits her Lover laid,  
 And the sad Sisters who to Trees were turn'd,  
 While with the World th'ambitious Brother burn'd  
 All he describ'd was present to their eyes,  
 And as he rais'd his Verse, the Poplars seem'd to rise.

He taught which Muse did by *Apollo's* will  
 Guide wandering <sup>11</sup>*Gallus* to th' *Aonian* Hill :  
 (Which place the God for solemn Meetings chose)  
 With deep respect the learned Senate rose,  
 And <sup>12</sup>*Linus* thus (deputed by the rest)  
 The Hero's welcome, and their thanks express'd :  
 This Harp of old to *Hesiod* did belong,  
 To this, the Muses Gift, joyn thy harmonious Song;

Charm'd by these strings Trees starting from the  
 Have follow'd with delight the powerful sound,  
 Thus consecrated thy <sup>13</sup> *Grynean* Grove  
 Shall have no equal in *Apollo's* Love.

Why should I speak of the <sup>14</sup> *Megarian* Maid,  
 For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd ?  
 And her, <sup>15</sup> who round with barking Monsters arm'd,  
 The wandering *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd ;  
 Whose <sup>16</sup> only hope on shatter'd ships depends,  
 While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd shape,  
 And dire revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,  
 Who to those Woods directs her mournful course,  
 Where she had suffer'd by incestuous force,  
 While loth to leave the Palace to well known,  
*Progne* flies, hovering round, and thinks it still her  
 (own.  
 What-



Whatever near <sup>17</sup> *Eurotas's* happy stream  
 With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo's* Theam,  
*Silenus* sings ; the neighbouring Rocks reply,  
 And send his Mystick numbers through the sky,  
 Till night began to spread her gloomy veil,  
 And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale ;  
 The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd,  
 And to prevailing shades the murmuring world  
 (resign'd.

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D 3

POST.

## P O S T S C R I P T.

1. **S***icilian*——*Virgil* in his Eclogue, imitates *Theocritus* a *Sicilian* Poet.
2. *Tibullia*——The name of the Rural Muse.
3. *Varus*——A great Favourite of *Augustus*, the same that was kill'd in *Germany*, and lost the Roman Legions.
4. *Chromis* and *Mnasylus*——Some Interpreters think these were young Satyrs, others will have them Shepherds : I rather take them for Satyrs, because of their names, which are never used for Shepherds, or any where (that I remember) but here.
5. *They bound*——*Proteus*, *Pan*, and *Silenus* would never tell what was desired, till they were bound.
6. *Nais*——The Latin word for a water-Nymph.
7. *Vermilion Dye*——The Colour that *Pan* and *Silenus* lov'd best.
8. *Rival'd the Sun*——*Minerva* delighted with the Art and Industry of *Prometheus* (who had made an Image of Clay so perfect, that it wanted nothing but Life,) carried him up to Heaven, where he lighted a Wand at the Chariot of the Sun, with which fire he animated his Image. *Ov. 2. M.*
9. *Hylas*——Favorite of *Hercules*, who was drown'd in a Well, which made the Poets say that a Nymph had stole

stole him away : I use the word *resounds* (in the Present Tense) because *Strabo* (who lived at the same time as *Virgil*) seems to intimate, that the *Prussians* continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud cries.

10. *The Maids of Argos*———Daughters of *Prætis*, King of *Argos*, who presumed so much upon their Beauty, that they prefer'd it to *Juno's*, who in revenge, struck them with such a Madness, that they thought themselves Cows. They were at last cured by *Melampodes* with Hellebore, and for that reason, Black Hellebore is called *Melampodion*.
11. *Gallus* ——an excellent Poet and great Friend of *Virgil* he was afterwards Prætor of *Ægypt*, and being accused of some Conspiracy, or rather called upon for some Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himself. It is the same *Gallus* you read of in the last Eclogue : And *Suidas* says, that *Virgil* means him by *Aristeus*, in the divine Conclusion of his *Georgicks*.
12. *Linus* Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*.
13. *The Grynean Grove* ——Consecrated to *Apollo* ; by this he means some Poem writ upon that Subject by *Gallus*.
14. *The Megarian Maid* ——*Sylla* daughter of *Nisus* King of *Megara*, who falling in Love with *Minos*, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treason, rejected her.

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15. *Her who round*——another *Sylla*, daughter of *Phorcis*, whose lower Parts were turned into Dogs by *Circe*; and she, in despair, flung her self into the Sea.
16. *Whose only Hope*——*Ulysses's* Ships were not lost, though *Scylla* devoured several of his Men.
17. *Eurotas*—— a River in *Greece*, whose Banks were shaded with Laurels; *Apollo* retired thither to lament the Death of his dear *Hyacinthus* whom he had accidentally killed.
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THE

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# THE Seventh Eclogue.

Englished by Mr. ADAMS.

*This Eclogue is wholly Pastoral, and consists of the  
Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrsis and Co-  
ridon, to the hearing of which, Melibæus was in-  
vited by Daphnis, and thus relates it.*

MELIBÆUS.

W<sup>H</sup>ile Daphnis fate beneath a whisp'ring  
(shade,

Thyrsis and Coridon together fed (wooll

Their mingling Flocks ; his Sheep with softest

Where cloath'd his Goats of sweetest Milk were

(full.

Both in the beauteous spring of blooming Youth,

The worthy Pride of blest Arcadia both ;

D 5

Each

Al-

Alternate Verse their ready Muses chose ;  
 In Verse alternate each quick fancy flows ;  
 These sang young *Coridon*, young *Thyrsis* those.

## C O R I D O N.

Ye much lov'd Muses ! such a Verse bestow,  
 As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow,  
 Or if all can't obtain the Gift divine,  
 My Pipe I'll consecrate on yonder Pine.

## T H Y R S I S.

Y' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn  
 Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with spite be torn ;  
 Or, if he praise too much, apply some charm,  
 Lest his ill Tongue your future Poet harm

## C O R I D O N.

These branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boars head,  
 By little *Mycon*'s, on thy Altar laid,  
 If this continue *Delia* ! thou shalt stand  
 Of smoothest Marble by the skilful'st hand.

T H Y R

## T H R S I S.

This Milk, these Cakes, *Priapus* every year  
 Expect, a little Garden is thy care,  
 Thou'rt Marble now, but if more land I hold,  
 If my Flock thrive, thou shalt be made of Gold.

## C O R I D O N.

O *Galatea* ! sweet as *Hyblas* Thyme (Prime.  
 White as, more White, then Swans are in their  
 Come, when the Herds shall to their Stalls repair,  
 O come, if e're thy *Coridon*'s thy care.

## T H R S I S.

O may I harsh as bitterest herbs appear  
 Rough as wild Myrtles, vile as Sea-Weeds are ;  
 If years seem longer then this tedious day,  
 Hast home my Glutton Herd, hast hast away.

## C O R I D O N.

Ye Mossie springs ! ye Pastures ! softer far  
 Then thoughtless hours of sweetest slumbers are,  
 Ye Shades ! protect my Flock, the Heats are near ;  
 On the glad Vines the swelling Buds appear.

T H R -



## T H Y R S I S.

Here on my hearth a constant flame does play,  
 And the fat vapour paints the roof each day,  
 Here we as much regard the cold North-wind  
 As Streams their banks, or Wolves do number mind.

## C O R I D O N.

Look how the Trees rejoyce in comely Pride,  
 While their ripe fruit lies scatter'd on each side ;  
 All nature smiles, but if *Alexis* stay  
 From our sad Hills the Rivers weep away,

## T H Y R S I S.

The dying grass, with sickly air does fade,  
 No field's unparcht, no vines our Hills do shade ;  
 But if my *Phillis* come all sprouts again,  
 And bounteous *Jove* descends in kindly rain.

## C O R I D O N.

*Bacchus* the Vine, the Laurel *Phæbus* loves,  
 Fair *Venus* cherishes the myrtle Groves, (Tree,  
*Phillis* the Hazels loves, while *Phillis* loves that  
 Myrtles and Lawrels of less fame shall be.

T H Y R-

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T H Y R S I S.

The lofty Ash is Glory of the Woods,  
 The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods ;  
 If oft thy Swain fair *Lycidas* thou see,  
 To thee the Ash shall yield, the Pine to thee.

## M E L I B Æ U S.

These I remember well  
 While vanquisht *Thyrsis* did contend in vain,  
 Thence *Coridon* young *Coridon* does reign  
 The best the sweetest on our wondring Plain.

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The

## T H E

## Eighth Eclogue.

P H A R M A C E U T R I A.

*Englished by Mr. STAFFORD.*

S Ad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Muse  
 I sing : to hear whose notes the Herds refuse  
 Their needful food, the salvage Lynxes gaze,  
 And stopping Streams their pressing waters raise. }  
 I sing sad *Damon's* and *Alphesibæus* Layes ;  
 And Thou (whatever part is blest with thee,  
 The rough *Timavus*, or *Illyrian* Sea)  
 Smile on my Verse : is there in fate an hour  
 To swell my numbers with my Emperour ?  
 There is, and to the world there shall be known  
 A Verse, that *Sophocles* might daign to own.

Amidst

Amidst the Laurels on thy Front divine  
 Permit my humble Ivy wreath to twine: (thine.  
 Thine was my earliest Muse, my latest shall be }  
 Night scarce was past, the Morn was yet so new,  
 And well pleas'd Herds yet rowl'd upon the dew;  
 When *Damon* stretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,  
 And sung, rise *Lucifer*, and bring the Day:  
 Rise, rise, while *Nisa's* falshood I deplore,  
 And call those Gods to whom she vainly swore,  
 To hear my sad expiring Muse and Me. (mony.  
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

On *Menalus* stand ever-echoing Groves,  
 Still trusted with the harmless Shepherds loves:  
 Here *Pan* resides, who first made Reeds and  
 (Verse agree.  
 To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your  
 (harmony.

*Mopsus* is *Nisa's* choice; how just are Lovers fears?  
 Now Mares with Griffins joyn, and following years  
 Shall

Shall see the Hound and Deer drink at a Spring.  
 O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, & fling  
 Thy Nuts, see modest *Hesper* quits the Sky. (mony.  
 To *Mœnalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

O happy Nymph, blest in a wondrous choice,  
 For *Mopsus* you contemn'd my Verse and Voice :  
 For him my Beard was shaggy in your eye ;  
 For him, you laugh'd at every Deity. (mony.  
 To *Mœnalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

VVhen first I saw thee young and charming too,  
 'Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.  
 My thirteenth year was downy on my chin, (win;  
 And hardly could my hands the lowest branches  
 How did I gaze ? how did I gazing dye ? (ny.  
 To *Mœnalus* my Pipes & Muse tune all your harmo-

I know thee Love, on Mountains thou wert bred,  
 And *Thracian* Rocks thy infant fury fed :

Hard

Hard foul'd, and not of humane Progeny. (mony.  
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your har-

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue  
Her hands in blood : 'twas Love her Children flew:  
Was she more cruel, or more impious he ?  
An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother she.  
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your  
(harmony.)

Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be foes,  
Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Rose ;  
From Reeds and Thistles Balm and Amber Spring,  
And Owles and Daws provoke the Swan to sing :  
Let *Tityrus* in woods with *Orpheus* vie,  
And soft *Arion* on the Waves descie ; (harmony.)  
To *Menalus* my Pipes and Muse tune all your

Let all be *Chaos* now, farewell ye Woods :  
From yon high Cliff, I'll plung into the Floods.

O *Nisa* take this dismal Legacy ;      (harmony.  
Now cease my Pipes and Muse, cease all your

Thus He, *Alphesibæus* song rehearse :  
Ye sacred Nine above my rural Verse ;  
Bring water, Altars bind with mystick bands,  
Burn Gums and Vervain, & lift high the Wands;  
We'll mutter sacred magick till it warms  
My icie Swain; 'tis Verse we want ; my charms, }  
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

By charms compel'd the trembling Moon (descends,  
And *Circe* chang'd, by Charms, *Ulysse*'s friends ;  
By charms the Serpent burst: ye pow'rful Charms  
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Behold his Image with three Fillets bound,  
Which thrice I drag the sacred Altars round.  
Unequal numbers please the Gods: my Charms  
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

There

Three knots of treble colour'd filk we tye ;  
 Haste *Amaryllis*, knit e'm instantly :  
 And say, these, *Venus*, are thy Chains ; my Charms,  
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Just as before this fire the Wax and Clay  
 One melts, one hardens, let him waste away. }  
 Strew Corn and Salt, and burn those leaves of Bay.  
 I burn these Leaves, but he burns me : my Charms,  
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage, as when the bellowing Kind,  
 Mad with desire, run round the Woods to find  
 Their Mates ; when tir'd, their tremblings limbs  
 Near some cool Stream, nor mind the setting day :  
 Thus let him rage, unpitied too : my Charms,  
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

These Garments once were my perfidious Swains,  
 Which to the Earth I cast : ah dear remains !  
 Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph : my Charms,  
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

*Meris*



*Mæris* himself these Herbs from *Pontus* brought,  
*Pontus* for every noble Poyson sought ;  
 Aided by these, he now a VVolf becomes,  
 Now draws the Buried stalking from their tombs,  
 The Corn from field to field transports : my Charms  
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Cast o're your head the ashes in the Brook,  
 Cast backwark o're your head, nor turn your look.  
 I strive, but Gods and Art he slights : my Charms,  
 Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my arms.

Behold new flames from the dead ashes rise,  
 Blest be the Omen, blest the Prodigies,  
 For *Hylax* barks, shall we believe our eyes?  
 Or do we Lovers dream ? cease, cease, my Charms,  
 My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my  
 (arms.

The

## The same ECLOGUE,

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

**I** *Damon* and *Alpheus* Love's recite,  
 The Shepherd's envy, and the Fields delight :  
 Whom as they strove, the listening Heifers stood,  
 Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food ;  
 They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves and led  
 The wondering Rivers from their wonted Bed.

*I Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,  
 The Shepherd's Envy, and the Fields delight.

And you Great Prince, whose Empire unconfin'd,  
 As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,  
 Whether you with victorious Troops pass o're  
*Timavus* Rocks, or coast th' *Illyrian* shore ;  
 Shall I beginning with these Rural lays,  
 Ever my Muse to such perfection raise,  
 As without rashness to attempt your praise?

And

And thro' the subject World your Deeds rehearse,  
 Deeds worthy of the Majesty of Verse !  
 My first Fruits now I to your Altar bring  
 You, with a riper Muse, I last will sing.  
 Mean while among your Laurel Wreaths allow  
 This Ivy Branch to shade your Conquering Brow.

Scarce had the Sun dispell'd the shades of Night,  
 Whilst dewy browze the Cattel does invite ;  
 When in a mournful posture, pale, and wan  
 The luckless *Damon* thus his plaints began.

Thou drowsie Star of Morning, come away,  
 Come and lead forth the sacred Lamp of day ;  
 Whilst I by *Nisa* baff'd and betray'd,  
 Dying to Heaven accuse the perjur'd Maid.  
 But Prayers are all lost Breath; the Powers above  
 Give Dispensations for false Oaths in Love.

Begin with me, my Flute, begin such strains,  
 As *Panour* Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

E

'Tis

'Tis a most blessed place, that *Arcady* !  
 And Shepherds bless'd, who in those Coverts lye !  
 Musick and Love is all their business there,  
*Pan* doth himself part in those Consorts bear :  
 The vocal Pines with clasping Arms conspire,  
 To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.  
 Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,  
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

*Mopsus* does *Nisa*, a cheap conquest gain,  
 Presented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain,  
 What hour secure, what respite to his Mind  
 In this false World can a poor Lover find ?  
 Let Griffins Mares, and Eagles Turtles woo,  
 And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs pursue,  
 These may indeed subject of wonder prove,  
 But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.  
*Mopsus* buy Torches, *Hymen* you must joyn ;  
 Bespeak our *Bride-cake*, *Hesperus* all is thine.

Begin

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,  
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

A worthy Match; and just reward of Pride,  
Whilst you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride!  
Too long my Beard, nor smooth enough my Face:  
And with my Person, you my Flocks disgrace.  
There are *revenging Gods*, proud Nymphs, there  
And injur'd Love is Heav'n's peculiar care, (are,  
Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,  
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains:

Early I walk'd one Morn with careless thought }  
Your Mother you into our Garden brought }  
And ruddy wildings round the Hedges fought; }  
The fairest Fruit, and glittering all with Dew,  
(The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you:  
I came, I saw, I gaz'd my heart away, (astray.  
Me, and my Flocks, and all my Life that minute lead

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,  
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Now *Love* I know you, for my self, too late :  
But Shepherds take ye warning by my Fate.

Trust not his flattering Voice, or smiling Face,  
A *Canibal*, or born in rocky *Thrace*,  
Not one of us, nor like the *British* Race,  
She Wolves gave Suck to the *perricious* Boy,  
The *Shepherds* he, they do the *Flocks* destroy.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,  
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains,

Mischief is all his Sport ; at his Commands,  
In her Sons Blood *Medea* bath'd her hands ;  
A sad unnatural Mother she, 'tis true,  
But *Love*, that Cruelty she learn'd of *you*.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,  
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Nature which with this dotage hath begun,  
 Now into all extravagance will run :  
 The Tamarisk bright Amber shall distil ,  
 And the course Alder bear soft Daffadil.  
 Shortly the Screch-Owl, with her boading Throat,  
 The Swans shall *Rival* in their *dying* note ,  
 S..... and O..... the Bays shall claim,  
 And equal *Dr.....* and *Res.....*'s Fame.

Begin with me my Flute, begin such strains,  
 As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

May the World sink with me ! farewell ye Groves,  
 Haunts of my Youth, and Conscious of my Loves :  
 Down from the Precipice my self I'll cast,  
 Accept this present *Nisa---* 'tis my last.

Then cease my Flute, for ever cease thy strains,  
 Bid a sad silence through th' *Arcadian* Plains.

# THE Ninth Eclogue.

*When Virgil by the Favour of Augustus had recover'd his Patrimony near Mantua, and went in hope to take possession, he was in danger to be slain by Arius the Centurion, to whom those Lands were assign'd by the Emperour in reward of his Service against Brutus and Cassius. This Eclogue therefore is fill'd with complaints of his hard Usage; and the persons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of Virgil, and his Friend.*

LYCIDAS, MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

**H**O Moeris! whither on thy way so fast?  
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O Lycidas at last

The time is come, I never thought to see,

(Strange revolution for my Farm and me)

When



When the grim Captain in a surly tone  
 Cries out, pack up ye Rascals and be gone.  
 Kick'd out, we set the best face on't we cou'd,  
 And these two Kids, to' appease his angry Mood }  
 I bear, of which the Devil give him good.

## L T C I D A S.

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;  
 That from the sloping Mountain to the Vale,  
 And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,  
*Menalcas* sav'd his Fortune with a Song.

## M O E R I S.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs & Rhimes  
 Prevail, as much in these hard iron times,  
 As would a plump of trembling Fowl, that rise  
 Against an Eagle fousing from the Skies.  
 And had not *Phæbus* warn'd me by the croak  
 Of an old Raven from a hollow Oak,  
 To shun debate, *Menalcas* had been slain,  
 And *Moeris* not surviv'd him to complain.

## LYCIDAS.

Now Heaven defend ! could barbarous rage prevail  
 So far, the sacred Muses to assail ?  
 Who then shou'd sing the Nymphs, or who rehearse  
 The waters gliding in a smother Verse !  
 Or *Amaryllis* praise that heavenly lay,  
 That shorten'd as we went, our tedious way ;  
 O *Tityrus*, tend my herd and see them fed ;  
 To Morning pastures Evening waters led :  
 And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgils butting head.

## M O E R I S.

Or what unfinish'd He to *Varus* read ;  
 Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder powers (Tow'rs  
 Preserve our plains, and shield the *Mantuan*  
 Obnoxious by *Cremonas* neighb'ring Crime,)  
 The wings of Swans, and stronger pinion'd  
 (Rhyme,  
 Shall raise aloft, and soaring bear above  
 Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

## L Y C I D A S.

Sing on, sing on, for I can ne're be cloy'd,  
 So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:  
 So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags distend  
 And Trees to Goats their willing branches bend;  
 Mean as I am, yet have the Muses made  
 Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:  
 At least the Shepherds seem to like my lays,  
 But I discern their flattery from their praise:  
 I nor to *Cinna's* Ears, nor *Varus* dare aspire;  
 But gabble like a Goose, amidst the Swan-like  
 (quire,

## M O E R I S.

'Tis what I have been conning in my mind:  
 Nor are they Verses of a Vulgar kind.  
 Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas forsake,  
 What pleasures can the Tides with their hoarse  
 (murmurs make?

See on the Shore inhabits purple spring;  
 Where Nightingales their Love-sick ditty sing;

See



I cou'd have once sung down a Summers Sun,  
 But now the Chime of Poetry is done.  
 My voice grows hoarse ; I feel the Notes decay,  
 As if the Wolves had seen me first to day.  
 But these, and more then I to mind can bring,  
*Menalcas* has not yet forgot to sing.

L T C I D A S.

Thy faint Excuses but inflame me more ;  
 And now the Waves roul silent to the shore.  
 Hush! winds the topmost branches scarcely bend  
 As if thy tuneful Song they did attend :  
 Already we have half our way o'come ;  
 Far off I can discern *Bianors* Tomb ; (Bow  
 Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a  
 Of wreathing trees, in singing waste an hour.  
 Rest here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,  
 We've day before us, yet to reach the Town :  
 Or if e're night the gathering Clouds we fear,  
 A Song will help the beating storm to bear.

And

And that thou maist not be too late abroad,  
Sing, and I'll ease thy shoulders of thy Load.

M O E R I S.

Cease to entreat me, let us mind our way ;  
Another Song requires another day.  
When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,  
And find a friend at Court, I'll find a voice.

# THE Tenth Eclogue.

G A L L U S.

Englished by Mr. STAFFORD.

**S** *icilian* Nymph, assist my mournful strains ;  
The last I sing in rural Notes to Swains :  
Grant then a Verse so tender and so true,  
As even *Lycoris* may with pity view :  
Who can deny a verse to *Grief* and *Gallus* due ?

So,

So, when thy VVaters pass beneath the Tide,  
 Secure from briny mixture may they glide.  
 Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapless Vows ;  
 VVhile, on the tender Twigs, the Cattel browse ;  
 Nothing is deaf ; Woods listen, while we sing,  
 And ecchoing Groves resound and Mountains ring.  
 Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,  
 When to unpitid flames he was betray'd ?  
 Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,  
 Nor was *Parnassus* guilty of your stay :  
 The Bays, whose honours he so long had kept,  
 The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.  
 When stretcht beneath a Rock, he sigh'd alone,  
 The Mountain pines and *Menalus* did groan,  
 And cold *Lyceus* wept from every stone.  
 His Flock surrounded him : nor think thy fame  
 Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name ;  
 Ere thou and I our sheep to Pastures led,  
 His Flocks the Goddess lov'd *Adonis* fed.

The

The Shepherds came ; the sluggish Neat-herd

(Swains,

And Swine-herds reeking from their Mast and

(Grains.

All askt from whence this frenzy ? *Phæbus* came

To see his Poet, *Phæbus* askt the same :

And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care, }

Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare }

The Frosts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms  
of War. }

*Sylvanus* came, thy fortune to deplore ;

A Wreath of Lillies on his head he wore.

*Pan* came, and wondring we beheld him too, }

His skin all dy'd of a Vermilion hue : }

He cry'd, what mad designs dost thou pursue ? }

Nor satisfy'd with dew the grafs appears

With browze the Kids, nor cruel Love with tears.

When thus (and sorrow melted in his eyes)

*Gallus* to his *Arcadian* friends replies :

Ye



Ye gentle Swains, sing to the Rocks my moan,  
 (For you *Arcadian* Swains shou'd sing alone :)  
 How calm a rest my wearied Ghost wou'd have,  
 If you adorn'd my Love and mourn'd my Grave?  
 O that your birth and business had been mine,  
 To feed a Flock, or press the swelling Vine!  
 Had *Phillis*, or had *Galatea* been  
 My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,  
 (What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,  
 Are Violets not sweet, because not fair?)  
 Secure in that unenvied state, among  
 The Poplars, I my careless limbs had flung;  
*Phillis* had made me Wreaths, and *Galatea* sung.  
 Behold, fair Nymph, what bliss the Country  
 (yields  
 The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the  
 (laughing Fields.  
 Next all the Pleasures of the Forest see:  
 Where I could melt away my years with Thee.

But

But furious Love denies me soft repose,  
 And hurls me on the pointed spears of foes.  
 While thou (but ah ! that I should find it so,  
 Without thy *Gallus* for thy Guide, dost go  
 Through all the *German* Colds, and *Alpine* Snow. }  
 Yet, flying me, no hardship maist thou meet ;  
 Nor Snow nor Ice offend those tender feet.  
 But let me run to desarts , and rehearse  
 On my *Sicilian* reeds *Euphorions* Verse ;  
 Ev'n in the Dens of Monsters let me lye,  
 Those I can tame, but not your cruelty.  
 On smoothest rinds of Trees, I'll carve my woe ;  
 And as the rinds encrease, the love shall grow.  
 Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Menalus* resort,  
 I'll make the Boar my danger and my sport.  
 When, from the Vales the jolly cry resounds,  
 What rain or cold shall keep me from my Hounds ?  
 Methinks my ears the sprightly consort fills ;  
 I seem to bound thro' Woods and mount o're Hills.

My

My Arm of a *Cydonian* Javelin seiz'd,  
 As if by this my madness cou'd be eas'd ;  
 Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd.  
 My frenzy changes now ; and Nymphs and Verse  
 (I hate,  
 And Woods ; for ah, what toil can stubborn  
 (Love abate !

Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebrus* go,  
 And shiver in the cold *Sythonian* Snow,  
 Or to the swarthy *Ethiopes* Clime remove,  
 Parcht all below, and burning all above,  
 Ev'n there wou'd Love o'ecome ; then, let us  
 yield to Love.

Let this sad Lay suffice, by sorrow breath'd,  
 While bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd :  
 My rural Numbers, in their homely guise  
*Gallus*, because they came from me, will prize :  
*Gallus*, whose growing Love my breast does rend,  
 As shooting Trees the bursting Bark distend.

F

Now

Now rise, for Night and Dew the Fields invade;  
 And *Juniper* is an unwholesome shade:  
 Blasts kill the Corn by night, and Flow'rs with  
 (Mildew fade.)

Bright *Hesper* twinkles from afar; away  
 My Kids, for you have had a feast to day.

## T H E Last Eclogue.

Translated, or rather Imitated,  
 In the Year 1666.

**O** Ne labour more, O *Arethusa*, yield  
 Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:  
 Some Verses to my *Gallus* e're we part,  
 Such as may one day break *Licoris* Heart,  
 As she did his, who can refuse a Song,  
 To one that lov'd so well, and dy'd so young!

So

So may'st thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* please,  
 When thou creep'st under the *Sicanian* Seas.  
 Begin, and sing *Gallus* unhappy fires,  
 Whilst yonder Goat to yonder branch aspires  
 Out of his reach. We sing not to the deaf;  
 An answer comes from every trembling leaf.  
 What Woods, what Forrests had intic'd your stay?  
 Ye *Nyades*, why came ye not away?  
 When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,  
*Parnassus* knew, and lov'd too well his Name  
 To stop your course; nor could your hasty flight  
 Be stay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.  
 Him the fresh Lawrels, him the lowly Heath  
 Bewail'd with dewy tears; his parting breath  
 Made lofty *Mænalus* hang his piny Head;  
*Lycæan* Marbles wept when he was dead.  
 Under a lonely Tree he lay and pin'd,  
 His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,  
 As he on love; such kind and gentle Sheep,  
 Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.

There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,  
 Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Frost and Winds.  
 All ask him whence, for whom this fatal love,  
*Apollo* came his Arts and Herbs to prove?  
 Why *Gallus*? why so fond, he says, thy flame,  
 Thy care, *Licoris*, is anothers game;  
 For him she sighs and raves, him she pursues  
 Thorough the mid-day heats and morning-dews;  
 Over the snowy Cliffs and frozen streams,  
 Through noisy Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy dreams,  
 She has left thee. Still lay the drooping Swain  
 Hanging his mournful head, *Phæbus* in vain  
 Offers his Herbs, employs his Counsel here;  
 'Tis all refus'd, or answer'd with a tear. (Trees  
 What shakes the Branches! what makes all the  
 Begin to bow their heads, the Goats their Knees?  
 Oh! 'tis *Silvanus*, with his mossie Beard  
 And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd  
 Of Wood-born Satyrs; see! he shakes his Spear,  
 A Green young Oak, the tallest of the year.

*Pan*

*Pan* the *Arcadian* God forsook the Plains,  
 Mov'd with the story of his *Gallus* pains.  
 We saw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,  
 Painted with Berries-juice; we saw him stand  
 And gaze upon his shepherds bathing eyes;  
 And what, no end, no end of grief he cries!  
 Love, little minds all thy consuming care,  
 Or restless thoughts, they are his dayly fare.  
 Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Grass with show'rs  
 Nor Goats with tender sprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs  
 Are ever satisfy'd. Thus spoke the God,  
 And toucht the Shepherd with his Hazle-Rod:  
 He, sorrow slain, seem'd to revive, and said,  
 But yet *Arcadians* is my grief allay'd,  
 To think that in these Woods, and Hills, & Plains,  
 When I am silent in the Grave, your Swains  
 Shall sing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inspir'd  
 By *Phœbus*; Oh! how gently shall these tir'd  
 And fainting Limbs repose in endless sleep,  
 Whilst your sweet Notes my love immortal keep!  
Would

Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born  
 Just one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,  
 Or weild a Hook, or prune a branching Vine,  
 And known no other Love, but *Phillis* thine;  
 Or thine *Amintas*; what though both are brown,  
 So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down,  
 Amongst the Vines the Willows and the Springs,  
*Phillis* makes Garlands, and *Amintas* sings.  
 No cruel absence calls my love away,  
 Further then Bleeting Sheep can go astray,  
 Here my *Licoris*, here are shady Groves,  
 Here Fountains cool, and Meadows soft, our loves  
 And lives may here together wear and end:  
 O the true Joys of such a Fate and Friend!  
 I now am hurried by severe Commands,  
 Into remotest Parts, among the Bands  
 Of armed Troops; there by my foes pursu'd;  
 Here by my friends; but still by love subdu'd.  
 Thou far from home, and me, art wandering o're  
 The *Alpine* Snows, the farthest Western shore,

The



The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet  
Ah, gently, gently, least thy tender feet  
Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely arms ;  
The Northern cold relents not at their charms :  
Away I'll go into some shady Bowers,  
And sing the Songs I made in happier hours,  
And charm my woes. How can I better chuse,  
Then amongst wildest Woods my self to lose,  
And carve our Loves upon the tender Trees,  
There they will thrive ? See how my love agrees,  
With the young Plants : look how they grow  
(together,  
In spite of Absence, and in spite of Weather.  
Mean while, I'll climb that Rock, and ramble o'er  
Yon woody Hill ; I'll chase the grizly Boar,  
I'll find *Diana's* and her Nymphs resort ;  
No Frosts, no Storms, shall slack my eager Sport.  
Methinks I'm wandering all about the Rocks  
And hollow sounding Woods : look how my Locks

## Are

Are torn with Boughs & Thorns; my Shafts are gone  
My legs are tir'd, and all my sport is done.

Alas! this is no cure for my Disease;

Nor can our toils that angry God appease. (more,  
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can please me  
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:

No sport, no labour, can divert my grief:

Without *Licoris* there is no relief.

Though I should drink up *Hebers* Icie Streams,  
Or *Scythian* Snows, yet still her fiery beams  
Would scorch me up. Whatever we can prove,  
Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.

FINIS.

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A Catalogue of Books, Printed for  
*Jacob Tonson* at the *Judges Head*  
in *Cancery lane*, 1684.

*Plutarch's* First Volume, newly translated from  
the Greek.

**P***lutarch*, Written by Mr. Dryden. *Theseus*, Translated by Mr. Duke. *Romulus*, Mr. Smallwood. *Lycurgus*, Mr. Chetwood. *Numa Pompilius*, Mr. Rycant. *Solon*, Mr. Creech. *Poplicola*, Mr. Dodswell. *Themistocles*, Dr. Brown. *Furius Camillus*, Mr. Pain. *Pericles*, Dr. Littleton. *Fabius Maximus*, Mr. Carryl.

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A Critical History of the Old Testament, in three Books: The first treating at large concerning the several Authors of the Bible. The second, containing the History of the chief Translations of the Bible, made either by Jews or Christians. The third, laying down Rules whereby a more exact Translation may be made of the Scripture than hitherto has been. Written Originally by Father *Simon* of the Oratory.

With

With a Supplement, being a Defence of *The Critical History*, in answer to Mr. *Spanhem's* Treatise against it. Both Translated into English by H. D.

Poems upon several Occasions; written by Mrs. *Beben*; are now in the Press, and will be published this Term. The Works of *Horace*, translated into English; by Mr. *Creech* of Oxford, are now in the Press, and near Printed.

*Ovid's Epistles*, Englished by the Earl of *Mulgrave*, Sir *Carr Scrope*, Mr. *Dryden*, and several other eminent Hands. Divine Contemplations upon the life of our Saviour written by the Bishop of *Exeter*.

A Chronicle of *France*, from the beginning of that Kingdom; written by *Monsieur Mezeray*, Chronologer to the present *French King*.

The Decay of the *Western Empire*, translated out of *French*, is now in the Press, and will be speedily published.

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FINIS

